

The Anti-Slavery Bugle.

WILLIAM R. ROBINSON, EDITOR.

VOL. 10.--NO. 38.

SALEM, COLUMBIANA COUNTY, OHIO, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1855.

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WHOLE NO. 500.

ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

FROM THE AMERICAN FREEMAN.
EMIGRATION TO VIRGINIA.

A friend has called upon me, saying, that ever since he published the advertisement, one week ago, for the sale of Virginia, his thoughts have been upon the subject of emigrating to that State. He wishes us to call attention to this matter.

Whether to Illinois, or Kansas, or Virginia, is a question that has been asked many times. It is a question that has been asked many times. It is a question that has been asked many times. It is a question that has been asked many times.

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service imposed upon me. You may imagine, therefore, how I was when I was told that the friends of the Anti-Slavery cause had settled in this vicinity. They became my favorite resort in cases of emergency.

"If anybody wants to have a black face look handsome, let them be left as I have been—in feeble health, in oppressive hot weather, with a sick baby in arms, and two or three little ones in the nursery, and not a single servant in the whole house to do a single turn. And then, if they should see any good aunt Frankie coming in, her chest as big and stout as a barrel, and her hilarious, hearty laugh—perfectly delighted to take one's washing and do it at a fair price, they would appreciate the beauty of black people."

"My cook, poor Eliza, was a regular epitome of slave life in herself; fat, easy, gentle, loving and lovable; always calling my modest house 'The Place,' as if it had been a plantation with seven hundred hands on it. Her way of arranging her kitchen was at first like *Diogenes*, though she imbibed our ideas more rapidly, and seemed more ready to listen to my suggestions than did that dignitary. She had lived through the whole sad story of a Virginia-raised slave's life. She must have been in her youth a very handsome, well-to-do girl. Her voice was sweet, her manners refined and agreeable. She was raised in a good family, as nurse and sempstress. When the family became embarrassed, she was suddenly sold to be sent to a plantation in Louisiana. She had often told me how, without any warning she was forced into a carriage, and saw her little mistress screaming and stretching her arms from the window towards her as she was driven away. She has told me of scenes on the Louisiana plantations, and how she has often been out in the night by stealth, ministering to poor slaves who had been mangled or lacerated by the whip. From Louisiana she was sold in Kentucky, and her husband was the father of all her children. On this point she always maintained a delicate and reserve which, though it is not at all uncommon among slave women, appeared to me remarkable.

She always called her master her husband, and spoke of him with the same apparent feeling which any woman regards her husband; and it was not till after she had lived with me some years that I discovered accidentally the real nature of the relation. I shall never forget how sorry I felt for her, nor my feelings at her humble apology—'You know, Mrs. Stowe, slave-women can't help themselves.' She had two very pretty children, daughters, with beautiful hair and eyes—interesting children, whom I had instructed in the family school with my children.

"Time would fail to tell you all I learnt incidentally of the slave system, in the history of various slaves who came into my family, and of the workings of the underground railroad, which I may say ran through my barn."

Speaking of her labors in the compilation of the "Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin," Mrs. Stowe says:

"I must confess, that until I commenced the examination necessary to enable me to prepare this work, much as I thought I knew before, I had not begun to measure the depth of the abyss. The Laws, Records of Courts, and Judicial Proceedings, are so incredible, as actually to make me doubt the evidence of my own eyesight, and fill me still with amazement whenever I think of them. I suffer extremely while writing these things. I may truly be said, I write with heart's blood. I am pressed above measure, and beyond strength. This horror—this nightmare—this all-around me, this shadowing of my life with sorrow! The more so, as I feel as for my own brothers of the South, and am pained by every horror I write, as one who is forced by an awful truth to disclose in a court of justice some family disgrace."

SETTLING.—We say, and in the most determined and energetic manner—Kansas shall come into this Union with a Constitution recognizing Slavery, if she wishes to do so.—Washington Sentinel, April 17th.

Having settled that point, the editor of the *Sentinel* should now go and take Sebastopol.—*Et. Era.*

LITERARY AND ECCLESIASTICAL.—The ablest political pen now in the service of the Roman Catholic Church in all Germany is that of Von Florentin, formerly an orthodox Lutheran. He is the author of the French Catholic papers—the one which wields the widest influence in Europe, and stands highest in favor with the Pope—is the *Univers*; the editor, Veitell, was originally an atheist. The editor of the *Tablet*, the chief political and ecclesiastical organ of the Catholics of Great Britain, is Mr. Lucas, a member of Parliament, and formerly a Quaker. The chief Romanist journals in the United States, both as to talent and frankness—*Brownson's Review*, and the *Freeman's Journal* and the *Catholic Herald*, are edited by those who were formerly Protestants, and Mr. McGee, editor of the *Call*, was formerly an ardent and uncompromising Romanist.—*N. Y. Eccl. Post.*

A case of woman's devotion has recently been brought to our knowledge which certainly equals anything that we have ever met with in the realm of romance. The circumstances occurred in this country, and the heroines were a mother and her child, and are perfectly well authenticated. While the small box was lying here a few weeks ago, a young man employed in a store on Lake street, was seized with the disease. It was, of course, improper for him to remain there, and the people with whom he lived, who were distant relatives of his, refused to permit him to stay in their house. The result was, that he was taken to the pest-house.

It so happened that he was engaged to be married to a most estimable and amiable young lady. No sooner did she hear of his condition than she determined at once that she would nurse him. She underwent vaccination, and then went where they had taken her berth—to the pest-house, where she found him alone, sick, wretched, deserted by all the world. And here she remained, like a ministering angel, waiting beside his bed of pain, soothing his distresses, and attending to his wants. But died.

How good consulting must have been his last moments. Though all the world had forsaken him, she, whom he loved better than all the world, remained faithful to the last. Her hand it was that smoothed his pillow; her eyes still beamed upon him with mournful but unaltered affection; into her ear he poured his last words of love, of sorrow, and of hopes that in this world might never be recalled to our mind, when we heard it, the words that Bulwer puts in the mouth of one of his characters: "To be watched and tended by the one we love, who would not walk blind and barefoot over the world."—*Chicago Tribune.*

DOMESTIC VIRTUES.—When the domestic virtues display themselves in the midst of privations, and sufferings, and anxieties, they then shine most conspicuously. They are like the snow-drops and crocuses, which unexpectedly peen out of the frost-bound soil, to cheer the heart and drive the fogs of winter, and give us a cheerful foretaste of the coming spring.—*Liberal Companion.*

Another moderate southern view. We give below extracts from two of the most important journals in the South, one of which is devoted to the cause of the South, and the other to the cause of the North. We have here a reaction in Missouri, and it has already become an author's! Very modest at first I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to my productions, by way of getting up a reputation.

"I now thought I had discovered the philosophers stone, and when a new carpet or mattress was needed, or when at the close of the year it began to be evident that my family accounts, like *Dora's*, 'wouldn't add up,' then I used to say to my faithful friend and factotum, Anna, who shared all my joys and sorrows, 'Now, if you'll keep the babies quiet, and attend to all the things in the house for one day, I'll write a piece, and you may be sure it shall be out of the scrape.' And so I became an author's! Very modest at first I do assure you, and remonstrating very seriously with the friends who had thought it best to put my name to my productions, by way of getting up a reputation.

CINCINNATI ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

Convention organized at 10 o'clock by calling Geo. W. Julian to the Chair. On motion Messrs. Ernst, Donaldson and Coffin were appointed a Committee to nominate the remaining officers for the Convention. The committee nominated the following:

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The obstacles that opposed them, arose from a contempt of humanity, and were the very ones that had opposed every moral advancement, throughout the world's history. They had been branded as infidels, but they would say to the world that they were Christians. They had been reproached with having but one idea, but they found that idea in the New Testament, and it was the one fundamental idea throughout that book. They had been charged with undue zeal; to this they would reply that they found slavery the boldest denial of Christianity, and the hugest system of ungodliness and oppression in the world. He alluded to their numerical weakness, but claimed that Heaven was pledged to their success. In conclusion, he expressed the hope that harmony might prevail in their deliberations, and good be done that should tell for the advancement of the great cause.

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The attendance at the afternoon session was much larger than in the morning. The Convention opened by singing one of Gerald Massey's songs called "To-day and To-morrow." After some brief remarks from Mr. Clark, of Western New York, the Business Committee presented the following resolutions, as a part of their report.

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Whereas, Life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of man, and he cannot justly be deprived of them without a forfeiture by some act of his, therefore,

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These resolutions were advocated in a brief speech by Mr. Brisbane, the chairman of the committee.

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Convention organized at 10 o'clock by calling Geo. W. Julian to the Chair. On motion Messrs. Ernst, Donaldson and Coffin were appointed a Committee to nominate the remaining officers for the Convention. The committee nominated the following:

For Vice-PRESIDENTS.—Dr. Brisbane, Peter Clark, Daniel Parker, Mrs. S. Harwood, Mrs. Sarah O. Ernst.

SECRETARIES.—Charles S. S. Griffing, Mrs. Mary de Gray, Miss Kesiah Emory.

BUSINESS COMMITTEE.—Dr. Wm. Henry Brisbane, Wm. Wells Brown, Mrs. Elizabeth Coleman, Rev. Samuel J. May, C. Donaldson, Wm. Lewis.

FINANCIAL COMMITTEE.—A. H. Ernst, Edward Harwood. The report of the Committee was accepted and the nominations approved. The Vice-Presidents then took their seats on the platform, and after the reading by the Secretary, of the call for the Convention, the President arose to explain more fully its objects.

ADDRESS OF THE PRESIDENT.—This convention, he remarked, was not a Free Soil or a Garrisonian convention, but a gathering of the free men of the West, and it struck him as being particularly called for by the present crisis in public affairs. The old political organizations that had cumbered the ground and cursed the cause of freedom were falling into fragments and it was believed by many that the dawn of universal liberty—the period of Peace on Earth and good will to men—was near at hand. Under these circumstances, it was fit that they should come together and inquire how much of the recent political movements had been from a sincere sympathy with the cause of freedom, and how much had been brought about by party schemes and the spirit of faction. (Here the big fire bell on the Institute began to ring violently, and for fifteen minutes nothing could be heard. As the fire was supposed to be near, many persons left the Hall to see it. After the alarm subsided, the President resumed.) The Anti-Slavery cause, he remarked, seemed to be understood. The cause of human rights was not one to be hawked about in the political market. They disapproved their cause when they suffered it to be mingled with the common ephemeral questions of the day, for it was a great moral, not a political question. It was essentially a Christian movement. The equality of all our brethren on earth before one common Father in Heaven. One God, one humanity, one love for all this was the platform of the Abolitionists. Here, on the great rock of Christianity, and on no narrower or flatter foundation, should they build their altar.

The obstacles that opposed them, arose from a contempt of humanity, and were the very ones that had opposed every moral advancement, throughout the world's history. They had been branded as infidels, but they would say to the world

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

was called to order by the chair, when he declared he was not an Abolitionist and not a member of the Convention, and sat down.

Peter H. Clark next addressed the meeting. Orson S. Murray then took the platform. This gentleman evidently studies to imitate C. C. Burleigh in his dress, manner of wearing his hair and beard, and in dispensing with a cravat. He is, however, Burleigh somewhat overdone. He announced that he was an ex-Baptist and had formerly been editor of the Baptist organ in Vermont. He held down the proposition that we must not make finalities of Constitutions and Scriptures; we must place man first, and all constitutions and books afterwards. The Bible was pro-slavery as well as anti-slavery—it took both sides. True, but it contained some good things. It declared "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do even so to them." A very good thing said by Jesus Christ of Nazareth, if such a person ever lived. The speaker then went on to comment on certain parts of the Bible, and claimed that it contained Mormon polygamy, and many other acknowledged wrongs. Higher grounds must be taken. (A voice, "Give us your higher grounds.") This, that man is entitled to freedom, whether it is written in a book or not. (Applause.) Human rights first, and all books and makers of books afterwards. (Applause.)

Mr. Robert Rand interrupted him to say that he did not see the object of such remarks, and asked if Jesus Christ had ever said anything that was wrong?

Mr. Murray replied:—Yes, he said "he that believeth in me shall be damned," that was bad and false. His mother had sprinkled him in his unconsciousness—she was a Congregationalist, his father a Baptist. There was but little difference between the two, except that one used a little more water than the other, yet the warrant for both was found in the Bible. Mr. French rose to a point of order. Mr. Murray begged to be indulged for a few moments longer. Mr. J. B. Rogers rose excited and said, a few moments more of such indulgence would sink anti-slavery so deep in Cincinnati that it could never be dug up again. Much excitement and some confusion prevailed. The speaker was repeatedly called to order, but the chair decided that he was not out of order, and he was permitted to proceed. He announced repeatedly that he would close in a few minutes, and even when he said that he was done and left the platform he kept on talking till he reached his seat.

Mr. Brisbane replied to Mr. Murray's attack on the Bible. He said he regarded that book as pro-slavery, when his friend was an orthodox Baptist, and claimed it as anti-slavery. They had exchanged views, and he hoped that increased light would finally bring Mr. Murray to his views.

Mr. French then rose and announced himself of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as a very young man. He admitted that the Church was pro-slavery, but declared himself in favor of the greatest possible latitude in discussion. He was gratified to hear every variety of sentiment, no matter how it might grate on his peculiar views.

Mr. French replied. He thought Mr. Crow's views incongruous with his position. For his part he could see no good that could result from the continuance of this discussion. The influence of individuals had never benefited the anti-slavery cause. Abolitionists were indebted to these wicked churches as men here called them for their success. He continued the temperance movement, and declared that if the good influences of Christianity were abstracted from the benevolent movements of the day, there would be less than a homeopathic dose left.

Rev. Mr. Livermore then took the platform. The clergy had been so often called for that he thought it well to come at this time to appear. He believed the Bible to be anti-slavery, but church members did not come up to the standard of the Bible on slavery, as well as on many other subjects. He then went on to show that the teachings of the New Testament were opposed to slavery, and in doing so used precisely Dr. Wayland's argument on this subject. He rejoiced in freedom of discussion; rejoiced that his friend (Murray) had come here. He always looked upon such a man with an earnest desire after truth.

The hour of 12 having arrived, the Convention adjourned to 2 o'clock.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

Convention was opened by singing by Mr. and Mrs. Griffith.

The following complete the resolutions offered by the business committee:

11. Resolved, That the unending efforts of the Rev. Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College, Rev. Nelson Adams, of Boston, and other clergymen, to prove human slavery compatible with the Christian religion is the worst species of atheism with which the gospel of Jesus has to contend.

12. Resolved, That as the right of the slave to his freedom and the pursuit of happiness is unimpaired by the atrocious enactments by which he is held in bondage, we invite him to use the means that God has given him to escape, and we tender to him the assistance which we would ask, were we in like circumstances.

13. Resolved, That if our laws declare it to be slavery to seize upon a man in Africa and transport him as a slave to America, it is equally piracy and should be as severely dealt with, to enforce under any circumstances, upon a man in Ohio and convey him as a slave to Kentucky, or any other slave State.

Orson S. Murray took the platform to reply to Mr. Brisbane's remarks of the morning session. He remarked that through their regard and deference for the Bible, Gerrit Smith and all Christians stood passive; he wished to stand erect. He then proceeded to comment on certain passages of the Bible when Mr. Griffith rose to object on the ground that in this discussion we had nothing to do with the teachings of the Bible, aside from its teachings on the subject of slavery.

Mr. Brisbane suggested that the resolution which was the subject of discussion did not even use the word "Bible."

MR. BARKIN'S REMARKS.

Mr. J. B. Barkin replied to Mr. Murray. He remarked that gentlemen were not alone in not understanding the Bible. No book in the world had ever been standard as this, in regard to its teachings on the subject of slavery. The gentleman who introduced the subject (Mr. Murray) had even out of order in many instances—out of order in referring to other parts of the Bible except those on this subject—and out of order in coupling his head during prayers. (Laughter.) Mr. Murray wears his hair long, like a woman, but does not as in her case combine it with a comb. There were three classes of laws in the old Testament, judicial law or the law of the land, which it was not to be expected would prohibit every thing that was wrong; ceremonial law, and the moral law which did prohibit every crime. The moral law forbade polygamy, though the judicial law did not. For this said that he could not covet thy neighbor's wife—not wives. He took the slaveholders, first of all—then the church, and then the State. This was

a prelection, not a rule of action; but the word there used did not even mean slave—it was a word corresponding to the English term "servant." There was no term for slave in the Hebrew. If Hagar had been a slave, Sarah would have urged Abraham not to put her away but to sell her, and instead of Ishmael being joint heir with Isaac, Isaac would have been heir to both mother and child. He spoke of the multitude of Abraham's household, and showed the absurdity of supposing that one man, without the aid of any civil government, could hold that multitude of people in involuntary slavery. He was a Prince, and Eleazer was his Prime Minister. The slaves mentioned in the Old Testament were purchased of those that owned them—of themselves. There is no instance recorded of a slave having been purchased of a third person, except the case of Joseph, and he said "I indeed was stolen." "Thou shalt not vex the stranger nor oppress him," says the law of Moses, and they regarded slavery as both vexation and oppressive. Again it says, "The Lord loveth the stranger, therefore love ye them." Here the Bible stands infinitely ahead of the Know-Nothingism of the present day.

The attempt to adduce slavery from a Bible teaching this, was a most perfect absurdity, and looked just as though that man, (pointing to Murray) had never read the Bible at all. (Applause.) More than this it was forbidden the Jews to give up the bondsmen that came to them from the Gentiles. There was no fugitive slave law there. Servants could and did marry their master's daughters, showing that no degradation attached to the service, and at the year of jubilee they were commanded to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free.

The Rev. Mr. Livermore, continued the speaker, had avoided this issue by denying that the Old Testament was authority, but he proceeded to show that Christ came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it. It was declared that on the command to love God supremely and thy neighbor as thyself, hung all the law and the prophets—that is, both were to be interpreted by this. They were not abrogated but established. He said that the clergy of Cincinnati did not join in these meetings because they could not come here without meeting abuse and reproach, and seeing all that was sacred and dear to them held up to ridicule. It was not pleasant to his feelings to see that man (Murray) setting himself above every thing else, above Christ and his teachings. He could not fellowship with the man who deified him who spoke as never man spoke, and he did not believe that man had sufficient love for his Saviour, who could. (Applause.)

Mr. Rogers, an Israelite and a Hungarian patriot, arose with a big Hebrew Bible in his hand. Mr. Murray claimed the floor to reply to Mr. Barkin, but Mr. Rogers would not yield it, and went on to make a speech. With his Hebrew Bible in his hand, he went on to interpret the various passages relating to slavery, and decided that slavery was clearly taught. He claimed to be a Jew, but would not reproach Mr. Murray with being an infidel, because it did not become a servant of Jesus Christ to do so. In relation to those men Christians were so fond of branding as infidels, he did not doubt but if Christ were now on earth he would acknowledge them as his followers.

Orson S. Murray then rose and challenged any one who wished to discuss this subject to meet him at that hall as soon as he pleased after his corn was planted. He would be glad to discuss it now, but was obliged to leave the city at 4 o'clock.

Mr. Rogers then made a speech. Wm. Wells Brown reproached the clergy of this world with not being there. Were they afraid to sit with infidels? If so, why did they not call a meeting of their own? They had tried an Evangelical convention, but it had failed through. (Mr. Brown has been misinformed, the convention has only been postponed.—Rep.)

Mr. Rogers, the Hungarian, rose again, but Mr. Harrison, of the Lutheran Church, claimed the floor.

Mr. Rogers seemed indignant that he was not allowed to speak, and exclaimed, "I am a minister of the Gospel, and have sacrificed as much for the Lord Jesus Christ as any other man in this hall."

After a few remarks by Mr. Harrison, the convention adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was opened as usual by singing.

Rev. Mr. Foote, of Detroit, then addressed the convention for a short time, after which Rev. Antoinette L. Brown took the platform.

REV. MISS BROWN'S SPEECH.

Miss Brown commenced with saying that although there had been a good deal of discussion in the convention during the day, about the teaching of the Bible on slavery; yet all had agreed upon one point—that it was absolutely and eternally wrong; yet, when men went to the Bible to justify such wrong, she did not wonder that there were those there to deny its authority. Better strike the Bible away than strike hands with a man, who sustains such damning oppression. She then quoted the well known stanza commencing,

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again."

There were things to trouble her and she cared not, but they were not the eternal truth of the eternal God. Truth circulated like the life-blood through the universe from the ever-beating heart of the Infinite. False theories, nevertheless, had a fearful effect on certain minds, and no one felt more than she what it was to be misinterpreted and falsified, because she dared to work with anybody and everybody. The clergy of this city did not come here for fear of being called infidel, but better ten thousand times to give up the Bible than that spirit of charity and of love to God and man on which hangs all the law and the prophets.

Many did not believe because they could not understand the Bible; others believed without reasoning. To her, it was harmonious; before God she did not know whether all in that Book was inspired, but she knew the great central truth was eternal and could not die.

In speaking of the effort to suppress agitation on this subject, she related the fall wing fable: When Adam and Eve were cast out of Paradise, they wandered toward the burning sands of Arabia, till foreworn and weary they lay down to sleep. An angel saw and pitied them; he had the germs of trees and plants, and scattered them around them. Soon Satan came along—"Adam I know," said he, "and Eve I know; but what are these?" At any rate, it will be safe to cover them up. (Applause.) So he planted them nicely, and when Adam and Eve awoke they were surrounded by a shady grove. Thus the pro-slavery party had seen the seed we had sown, they would suppress agitation, and therefore thought it entirely safe to cover it up, but now that it was well planted and had commenced to grow, no more could it come till either slavery or freedom was triumphant. (Applause.)

She then alluded to certain other civil rights. It was surely the woman's right as the slave's to give her consent to the Government.

The future of the slave was known—he must be free—but whether by moral suasion or physical force remained to be seen. Like Sampson, these poor, blind slaves, standing by the pillars of the temple of our common weal, might some day bring the ruins of our fair fabric on our heads. Had we no faith in right, no fear of wrong? Would that we could eschew policy and believe in God! Would that every heart might be baptized in the spirit that dared to do right!

At the conclusion of the meeting it was announced that this afternoon Mr. Julian would speak a resolution, and this evening addresses were expected from Geo. W. Julian, Wm. Wells Brown, and Rev. Antoinette L. Brown.

FRIDAY MORNING.

Convention opened with prayer by Rev. Mr. Crow of the M. E. Church.

Mr. Harskue then took the platform. He alluded to the question which had arisen yesterday of the teaching of the Bible on the subject of slavery, but his anti-slavery was not based upon any mere book. It would not forward the cause of anti-slavery to proscribe men because their mothers came to this country a little too late, and this proscription threatened serious injury, if not destruction, to the cause of freedom. He would not stop here to examine whether true Americanism is found in such scenes as were recently enacted in this city. The world was governed by accident, and it was a mere accident whether a man was born in this country or another; whether he should belong to a proscribed or dominant class. He claimed that slavery was the mother of Know-Nothingism, and alluded the claim that it was anti-slavery. His countrymen—the Germans—were Abolition to the backbone, and it was for this very reason they were proscribed by the Know-Nothingism.

The following resolutions were then offered and approved:

Whereas, Since the last meeting of the Cincinnati Anti-Slavery Convention, our Abolition Father has taken from our midst some that we dearly loved for their works sake, and whose absence leaves a void both in our assembly and in our hearts, Therefore,

Resolved, That the decease of Samuel Lewis, Mr. Thomas Freeman and Mrs. Mary A. Brisbane, this Convention has reason to mourn the loss of three of the most devoted friends of the Anti-Slavery cause, whose memory we shall cherish, whose spirit we shall cultivate, and whose zeal, energy and example we shall strive to imitate and shall hence be treated to most them in that better world, where no manhood fetter and no sympathies are needed for oppressed humanity.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent by the secretaries to the nearest relatives of the deceased, with expression of our condolence and sympathy.

The Business Committee, through their Chairman, Dr. Brisbane, then reported the following:

RESOLUTIONS:

11. Resolved, That the State of Wisconsin, by her people, her legislature and her judiciary, has placed herself in an attitude worthy the admiration and the example of every sovereign State, and that we now turn our eyes towards her as the leader in the assertion and maintenance of the doctrine of State rights, holding that, by the noble position she has taken, the aim of Federal reorganization shall not be allowed to break down the guarantees of either National or State Constitutions.

12. Resolved, That merit should be the only title to distinction, that if the colored man be equal to the white in natural capacity, he has a right to an equal position; but if he were inferior, it would be mean and cruel to aggravate the disadvantages of nature by opposing artificial obstacles to his improvement.

13. Resolved, That the central, life-giving principle of the Anti-Slavery enterprise, is the common brotherhood of all men, without regard to race, color or religion; and that we bring reproach upon our cause, and our own fidelity into question, by uniting with or favoring any party organization, recent or otherwise, based upon principles gloriously inconsistent with this fundamental truth, hence, it must be utterly repudiated, known as Know-Nothingism; that we feel it to be our imperative duty to oppose it, because it tramples down the doctrine of a common brotherhood; because it ignorantly ignores and subordinates the principle of American slavery; because it is palpably untrue, in declaring that the colored man is a citizen and holds of enterprise in our shores; because its indiscriminate proscription of all Christians of the British faith is at war with the fundamental principles of Protestants; because we abhor its guilty cowardice in veiling its deeds in darkness, in a land where the people rule, and discussion is free.

Dr. Brisbane spoke in support of the resolutions. He had been educated in South Carolina, and in the doctrine of State Rights. He felt no apprehension of a dissolution of the Union, but rather of a consolidation of the power of the States in the General Government. The people were losing the idea of State sovereignty—were prone to forget that the authority of the State of Ohio in its own territory was superior to that at Washington, which was but delegated. If the assumption of authority by the General Government went on at the present rate, we should soon see seated at Washington a King in power, if not in name. Wisconsin had kindly vindicated her State rights in the recent case of Bradle and Ryecraft. The speaker then reviewed the points in this case at some length.

Mr. Barnaby, of Columbiana, occupied the remainder of the session. He spoke of the prejudice of color in the country, as being a great obstacle in the way of the progress of anti-slavery. He referred to the State laws which oppressed free colored people; their expulsion from the free schools; and from the churches, unless they consented to occupy the negro pews. He replied to the charges of Messrs. Boggs and others, made yesterday, that the Garrisonians were "infidels,"—"a curse to the anti-slavery cause,"—"a hindrance to abolitionism," &c. Why, he asked, call Mr. Garrison an infidel? Is he false to humanity? This is not claimed. It is said he is here a part of the Bible. This has not been proved, here but suppose the charge true, is every one who does this an infidel? (A Voice—Yes.) Then was Moses Stuart an infidel, for he wrote arguments to prove that a whole book of the Bible was spurious—not even the production of the person to whom the book itself attributed its authorship. Why regard Moses Stuart an orthodox divine, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison an infidel? The answer is, when Stuart wrested such parts of the Bible as he believed in to the support of slavery, and of course would be true to a slaveholding religion; while Garrison, applying his great principles of justice, love and truth, wrestled them in favor of freedom, and carried them into his life and his associates as infidels. The name is no dishonor. Garrison in the beginning of his career was not an infidel.

After thus arguing, these persons go forth and vote for such men as J. R. Giddings, S. P. Chase, Horace Mann, John P. Hale, Chas. Sumner, men who—like the platform—and all the official declarations of their party—disclaim all intention to interfere with slavery in the States, or to protect the fugitive against his master. These men, however, do not yield to the slaveholders' claim because they love the system. They would gladly destroy slavery, and protect the fugitive, if they believed the compact they have entered into would allow it. But, they believe the Constitution forbids this, and in sorrow they yield to the sad necessity. Horace Mann declares that but for the Constitution he would send his brother into slavery, as soon as he would permit the fugitive slave to be returned. But the man who, believing with Gerrit Smith, that the Constitution is opposed to slavery and giving up of fugitives, yet votes for Giddings or Mann, becomes responsible for the violation, as well of the Constitution as of justice and right, and does a deed which these men, were their views the same as his, would no more commit, than he would send their brethren into bondage. The

whenever he may be now. He upheld the Church, was strictly orthodox in his creed, and rejoiced at revivals of religion. It was only after he had labored for years without effect, to induce the churches to act against slavery, that he denounced them as enemies to freedom.

A corrupt, timeserving priesthood, he said, would have their day. It mattered but little how hard they labored against the truth, the right would triumph in the end. The people would discover their hypocrisy, and cease to fear their threats and warnings.

The hour of adjournment having come, Mr. B. stated he would claim the floor at the opening of the afternoon session, to finish his remarks.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The Convention met. The President in the Chair.

Mr. Barnaby proceeded with his remarks. He referred to the politics of the North on the slavery question. A year or two ago we had three distinct parties—the Democratic, Whig, and Free Democratic parties. These, according to their platforms, were all based upon the principles of justice and a free representation. They all agreed in reverencing the American Union—all declared it a part of their mission to cherish and perpetuate it.

These parties also agreed that the General Government had no power to abolish slavery in the States, but that each State may continue the system unmolested and undisturbed.

The three parties further agreed that if a slave, leaving danger from bloodhound and gun and lash, shall escape from slavery and come to a free State, his master may follow him, and drag him back to bondage. As to the fact, at least, they all agreed, differing only as to the manner. The Whigs and Democrats would make the infamous surrender under the Fugitive Slave Bill of 1850. The Free Democratic party, while it would allow the master to carry back his slave, and prohibit the States from opposing him, would have no laws of Congress on the subject—"no national legislation for the rendition of slaves."

Of the wickedness, perfidy and infamy of the Whig and Democratic parties he deemed it unnecessary to speak. They had trampled upon every principle of freedom and justice. They knew when they spoke of democracy their words were a mockery, and their professions a lie. Yet they went forward, the one to seize the reins of the Government, and wield the destinies of the nation; the other to go down to perdition and oblivion, unless the longed-for annals of infamy shall contain a record of its career of guilt.

The Free Soil party did not entirely forget its professions. It spoke of slavery as a sin against God and a crime against man, and of the Fugitive Slave bill as a violation of the Constitution and the common law, an outrage upon Christianity and the sentiment of the civilized world. It said: "No more slave States—no slave territory—no national legislation for the return of fugitive slaves." But if slavery is a sin and a crime, why say no more slave States? Why not say no slave States? No national slavery? Why not declare no slavery at all, national or otherwise? No national legislation for the return of fugitive slaves! Why return the slave on any conditions? Why permit the base and cowardly surrender, either with or without law? Why did not the Free Democracy stand upon a platform truly free, and resolve to battle against slavery and the return of fugitive slaves everywhere and always? The reason is plain.

There is another platform in the land, upon which these of all these parties are based: a platform which cannot be "split upon," or trampled down by any, but to support which every one who holds a public office must bind himself by a solemn oath. This platform is the Constitution of the United States. Like the others, it is professedly designed to favor freedom, and secure the blessings of liberty; and like them, by its specific provisions it tramples at least is construed to do so—upon the principles which in its preamble it seems to declare. This platform, as a basis of government legislation, gives the slave States political power in proportion to the number of their slaves. Thus making the slave the instrument of his own oppression. And having thus formed a Congress—a large portion of whose members are the representatives of the slave power, it requires this Congress to protect the master against his insurgent slave, and authorizes the guarding of the States against domestic violence.

The speaker admitted there were some devoted friends of the slaves as Gerrit Smith and Wm. Goodell, and their associates of the Liberty party, who hold that the Constitution gives no support, direct or indirect, to slavery. That the system is as much a violation of the Constitution and the law of the land as it is of justice and humanity. While he could honor the philanthropy of these friends of freedom, he must dissent from their views.

But Whigs, Democrats, Free Soilers, Free Democrats, Republicans, Know-Nothingism and Garrisonians agree that the Constitution gives these guarantees to slavery and the slave power; or if, as sometimes happens, an individual in the Free Soil party takes the ground of Goodell and Smith he only, thereby, adopts it in theory, and is more blameworthy in practice, than his fellow members. For such an one must claim that slavery is a sin and a crime, and the giving up of bondage of one who has escaped from it, an act later than that of Judas himself. He must believe, also, that the Constitution regards it, and that the man who, swearing to support that instrument, and yet tolerating slavery even in the States, or permitting under any circumstances the return of a fugitive, is a traitor as well to the Constitution as to humanity. With persons holding this view, and yet voting with the Free Democratic or Republican party, we need have no controversy. They do not regard their own principles, nor attempt to carry them out, and there is no reason to suppose that if convinced of their correctness, they would act up to ours.

After thus arguing, these persons go forth and vote for such men as J. R. Giddings, S. P. Chase, Horace Mann, John P. Hale, Chas. Sumner, men who—like the platform—and all the official declarations of their party—disclaim all intention to interfere with slavery in the States, or to protect the fugitive against his master. These men, however, do not yield to the slaveholders' claim because they love the system. They would gladly destroy slavery, and protect the fugitive, if they believed the compact they have entered into would allow it. But, they believe the Constitution forbids this, and in sorrow they yield to the sad necessity. Horace Mann declares that but for the Constitution he would send his brother into slavery, as soon as he would permit the fugitive slave to be returned. But the man who, believing with Gerrit Smith, that the Constitution is opposed to slavery and giving up of fugitives, yet votes for Giddings or Mann, becomes responsible for the violation, as well of the Constitution as of justice and right, and does a deed which these men, were their views the same as his, would no more commit, than he would send their brethren into bondage. The

most charitable consideration, then, for those who sustain the Free Democratic party is, that they believe the Constitution to favor slavery; otherwise, they cannot claim even a poor expediency for their conduct. To vote, however, upon such a platform, with any possible view, was, he claimed, a violation of principle, and had faith to those in chains.

He went on to speak of the platform of the Garrisonian party. He claimed that our fathers made a wicked compact with the slave power, a bargain which ought never to have been made, and being made, should be trampled upon and disregarded. Hence, compact or no compact, constitution or no constitution, we will never consent to the existence of slavery anywhere, or to the return of a human being into bondage. We claim that, as the church which strikes hands with the slaveholder, is a mockery of all true religion, an insult to God and man, so the American Union, that binds the people in an alliance for the protection of slavery, is "a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell."

He argued in conclusion, that the plan proposed by the American A. S. Society is not merely the only consistent one, but also the only one that promises success to our enterprise.

GEO. W. JULIAN'S SPEECH.

Mr. Julian commenced with a denial that there was any strong Anti-Slavery feeling in the North—it was frothy—thrown occasionally upon the surface by some political faction, but soon subsiding. The Nebraska outrage was the result of the political action of the North on this subject—it was a spout from Daniel Webster's grave. For his part he believed slavery to be wrong, compromises or no compromises. He hated it from the North Pole to the 36 deg. 30 min., and from there on down all the way around the globe. He did not understand how men could hate it so uncompromisingly to a certain line, and how this parallel—an imaginary line—could suddenly place it in such a lovely and innocent light.

He then referred to the course of political action in the North, and asked where was the Free Soil party. Was it dead or only sleeping? It had received terrible shocks from Anti-Nebraskaism, Fusionism, and Know-Nothingism, and if a political doctor were called in he would pronounce it in a state of great prostration, accompanied with a difficulty of breathing. (Applause.) What had induced its members to fly to Know-Nothingism, and gather with the mongered and invisible hand that rallied under its banners?

It was delightful to him to see the old parties of Whigs and Democrats die off. They had carried freedom long enough, but as Free Democracy had not been got up on purpose to worry and bedevil these to death, he had hoped that it would grow up out of their ruins. But instead of that, when these old parties came to die its time came too. He believed it had been tainted with an unhealthy element from the beginning. Some rather suspicious characters had officiated at its birth and baptism in Buffalo in '48. (A voice, Rev. Mr. Van Buren was not orthodox.) That had proved true, and he really had his fears that they had never been soundly converted. That party, like others, had followed expediency for present success. They had forgotten that the real power of a party as of an individual, lies not in bulk but in character; nor in the numbers that follow it but the truth it proclaims.

Mr. Julian proceeded to speak more directly of Know-Nothingism. He was opposed to it; first, because, judged by the light of principle, it was utterly indefensible; it destroyed human brotherhood, and inaugurated in its place fiendish hate; its principle was founded on a mere accident of birth, and not on a common principle; it was opposed to freedom, to humanity, and to the gospel of Jesus Christ. The Catholic population of this country compared with Protestant was as 1 to 28, and in addition to this, Rome, in seeking an abode here, had been compelled to divest herself of many of her pretenses, and submit to the law of the new domicile. The number of the Native Americans was in regard to Catholicism as an eccentric force out of all the influences of society by which other creeds were governed and controlled. The public school, a free press, free thought, free speech and an open Bible, were her bitter enemies, bearing it to destruction. Protestantism, with such odds, could afford to fight its own battle openly, and by refusing to do so, it stabbed at its own life, and confessed itself unequal to its mission.

2. Even if our institutions are in some danger, he objected to the mode of its action. Secret convocations in free open republicanism America! American Protestants stealing the lives of the Jesuit, and at the same time raising the war cry against Rome. He then quoted a remark of Mr. Macaulay, who after recording the triumphs of Protestantism, says: "All these victories were achieved, not by intolerance, but in spite of it." Protestantism has little to fear from persecution as a fee, but much to fear from it as an ally.

3. In 1853 there were 623,000 slaves held by the ministers and members of the churches in the U. S. Now how much better was he, who could send his own brother, his own child, into slavery, than a Catholic priest?

The foreigner had given a proof of his attachment to our principles which the native could not give. The American was such by accident of birth—the foreigner by choice.

The speaker then read an extract from a letter of Dr. Lieber.

"Has any man shed greater lustre on illustrious Athens than Aristotle? Aristotle was a foreigner, and came to Athens when seventeen years old. Has there been any Standard more Spanish than Columbus? Columbus was a Genoese. Has there been any Frenchman more French than Napoleon, and Cuvier and Constant? Napoleon was an Italian, and Cuvier, by birth and education, a German; Constant a Swiss. Who carried the Netherlands through the direct war of Independence on record, and who founded the great republic of the Netherlands? William of Orange, a German. 'Has England ever had a more English king than William the Third, the Netherlands? Has Germany ever had a more German leader than Eugene of Savoy? Who was Catherine, of Russia, that made her the great power? She was a German woman. Has Oxford had a greater professor than Erasmus, of Rotterdam? The very country in which the Know-Nothing now reviles 'the foreigner' was discovered by Cabot, a Genoese, in the service of England."

"The proto-martyr of the American revolution was Montgomery, an Irishman; so was Barry, called the father of the American navy; and Paul Jones, the bold and early captain, was a Scot. Were De Kalb, Lafayette, Hamilton, Gallatin, not Americans? Mark the list of signers, and see how many were 'foreigners.' The line and cry against 'foreigners' belongs to pagan antiquity, when one word served for foreigner and enemy, but not to Christianity, one of whose earliest writers gloriously said: *nona civitas tuta mundus*. The very word Christianity rebukes Know-Nothingism."

Know-Nothingism, stilled Christianity at heart, while it vilified sanctimoniously the growth of the papal power. Such a party is not live in this country, unless it votes for secret.

The great Dr. Barnes had admitted that he was no power outside the American Church, and could uphold slavery for an hour, if it were upheld within it. Were not these men standing at the gate of Catholicism, while they sneered down at one who gulf the canal of slavery?

4. He objected to this party on account of its proscription of foreigners. The whole race of foreigners in the United States was a mockery of the native population. Experience had shown that we needed their labor, and he would not throw them out.

The growth of free foreign elements in our country kept pace with the growth of the slave power, and thus was able to counteract the law. But it was objected to these foreigners that they voted on the Democratic or pro-slavery side. Even if they did, it must be confessed that a considerable number of respectable Americans voted with the pro-slavery Democrats that with the pro-slavery Whigs? But the truth was, the body of the American people was pro-slavery. The census showed that, foreigners were not slaves. The States which had the largest foreign elements as New York, Massachusetts, and Wisconsin, were the most decided anti-slavery States. The South contained but few foreigners.

Foreigners were not the only persons in America who got drunk or profaned the Sabbath—the only ignorant men. In his own State, Indiana, 17 of the population could not read or write.

He opposed it because it ignored and despised the question of slavery. This was shown by Senator Wilson, in the U. S. Senate.

In conclusion, he asked what was to become of freedom should each other, and that each had entered this order should retreat from its position as possible. They should be patient in bearing for their object and not strive for mere success, recollecting that the paroxysms of fanaticism is but for a day, and that the coming when our struggles will be to others who those of our fathers were to us.

A vote was taken on the resolutions, and adjourned; immediately after which the evening session adjourned.

EVENING SESSION.

Convention opened with singing, immediately after which Mr. Brown took the platform.

WM. WELLS BROWN'S REMARKS.

He proposed to speak of the hatred that had been created in the minds of the white people against the colored population. This prejudice was not on account of any inferiority in the race, though it was often asserted that they were capable of improvement, and that those who were free in the North were no better off than the slaves; but those who asserted this, tried to compare with the slaves, and if any man was not to be found among the black race, he was in that respect, at least, be different from the white race.

The black man had not the same motive to prove his condition as the white. Education fit him for a higher station, but could not find him employment in it, and besides only made him feel more keenly the degradation of his race.

This prejudice was not against the color, but around him were black coats, black cravats, black gloves. Ladies in selecting a silk would not because it was black, and prefer to get a real silk, glossy black. (Laughter.) If there was any prejudice on the subject, it was in favor of the black. Many persons suffered in the eyes of his lady love because their hair was not of this color, and the dealer in hats and incipient whiskers; why, the color was a favorite one, that it is the fashion to get black.

He then related, in a very amusing manner, number of anecdotes, showing the strength of prejudice. There was no such feeling in England, or in France, and it had died out in Massachusetts. During this convention some speaker had been called Wm. Lloyd Garrison and Abby Kelly Adams, and declared they had retarded the progress. They had, at least, destroyed this prejudice in Massachusetts, and if this had been brought to the attention of the world, it would have been a fidelity of New England in preference to the fidelity of Ohio. (Applause.)

REV. ANTOINETTE BROWN'S REMARKS. Miss Brown said it had been remarked that fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind, and could sympathize with those who suffered prejudice against color, because she felt the burden of a similar one—a prejudice against men. There were many places where

THE ANTI-SLAVERY BUGLE.

Original.

A TALE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

In a low cottage in the Northumbrian district in England, lived a Priest. His life would have been almost solitary, but for the numbers that thronged to his confessional; for absolution of Father Beauncir seemed surer salvation, than of any other in the whole district. He was one of the very few upright, conscientious priests. Seldom did one in trouble or affliction come to confess at his humble altar, without receiving words of sympathy and consolation, and renewed strength for the ceaseless battle of life. The repentant, erring one would meet such strong and earnest appeal for the right, such prayers against temptation and sin, as left no doubt that his sins were pardoned. And few indeed were found sufficiently hardened to brave a second rebuke from Father Beauncir.

Notwithstanding his popularity with the poor and weak, many of whom would have risked their lives—all they had—for him, he had many enemies, who were strong and powerful. The Priests and Bishops had, through extortion and oppression, become rich, and their power so great that their sway extended over the whole kingdom, and even the crowned heads bowed before them. Yet feared they the influence of this one humble man, and hated him, because his holy life was a constant reproach for their own vice and wickedness, and gladly would have removed him from his chapel, could they have found aught against him.

Father Beauncir was poor, as the self-sacrificing ever are. He believed that God had created all men of one blood, and he could not see even the lowest and meanest suffer, without attempting their relief. He was rich only in the love of a daughter, who had been left in his care in her infancy, by a young and fondly loved wife. Without assistance he had reared her; and no matter where his steps led—to the marriage-table; to the bedside of the dying; to offer masses for the salvation of the soul in Heaven—the little Edith was always by his side; and, unknown to herself, almost unknown to him, she grew up from infancy to girlhood, from girlhood to a beautiful woman. It was a sight to make the heart swell anew with holy impulses, to see that dark-eyed girl, chanting old melodies in answer to the song of birds, and twining wreaths of flowers round the tombstone of her mother's grave, "neath the elm tree in the glen. But she was not often alone. On the other side of the glen from her father's cottage, was one of still more lowly appearance. Its occupants were an old woman—so old that even Father Beauncir did not remember her as ever having been young, and her grandson, Edward, a few years older than Edith. Old Alice was the only one who had ever shared in attending to the little Edith, and often in her childhood, when her father was summoned at midnight to pray with the dying, or in stormy weather, had he carried her to the old hut, and left her in mother Alice's care. She also attended to the simple wardrobe of the little one, and in return, Father Beauncir instructed young Edward in all things necessary to fit him for the priesthood; for that Edward might become a Father in the Church, was old Alice's only wish, and on this was fixed his own hopes and aspirations. Thus, Edward and Edith were always companions. Together they studied the old masters. True, her father did not think it necessary that Edith should learn what could only be beneficial to one of his own sex; but he concluded it would do her no harm, and wisely left her to follow her own inclination. Together they explored the glen, gathered the daisies, and carried them to the little wooden bench, that stood in the shade of the elm tree beside her mother's grave. It could not be said that they learned to love; they grew up in the element of love. As her playmate and protector, he loved her above all the world; and she, though she loved and venerated her father—though she laid her head on his shoulder and kissed his cheek—would spring from his arms at Edward's call, and well she knew that for the fulfillment of any childish fancy, she must look to Edward. And when at length old Alice died, and another stone was planted in the glen, beside the one already there, their grief was soothed by the thought that one roof, one table, and one father's love would be shared by both.

Manhood and womanhood came upon them, and the rose of health deepened on their cheeks, and happiness left their lips in impress of beauty, and the tree of love spread its branches and filled the chambers, and twined its roots around all the fibres of their hearts. There was no fear in the mind of either that the love of a whole heart was not given, and when Edward saw the color deepen on her cheek, and the kindling of her eye at his approach, he knew that she was his, and raised his voice in thankfulness, and prayed for wisdom to protect and guide her aright. And she, when she beheld his manly form, and felt his warm kiss on her cheek, felt that she was safe from any harm the world might have in store.

As they sat in the twilight at their trysting place, beside the graves under the elm tree, he breathed in low tones, not of fear, but hope—"My Edith, can you not divide or separate us?" "Only death," is her reply. Then he places round her neck a chain, linked to which is a small locket, with the inscription—"My Edith." Death shall not remove it thence.

Father Beauncir saw and knew all that was passing in the minds of his children, and it gave him only pleasure. His own love had been most perfect, though its object had so soon faded from earth, and he knew that human affection was necessary to the life of the soul. Then, too, he felt that his own life was drawing to its close. He could not now so easily go through the arduous duties attendant on his order, as in former years. He often turned his eyes toward the glen, and an unerring voice whispered that seldom would the leaves of autumn strew those mounds, ere another would be added and his own form would rest beside the companion of his youth. The only pang such feeling brought him was the thought of Edith. Carefully, then, as his own child, he had instructed Edward, not only in the lore of the old sciences, but in the faith of the mother Church, in the principles of his holy religion, and instilled into his mind a love of his own benevolence and sympathy with human woe and suffering, and when he saw him fitted to take his place as Father Confessor, he also felt willing to entrust him with the guardianship of his child. He encouraged their affection, and longed to unite them in marriage.

Thus peacefully they lived, when a new and unforeseen trouble came upon them.

Bishop Dunstan, a man of great power both in church and court, who had lived a dissolute and extravagant life, had suddenly reformed and become a very ascetic. Living in utter seclusion, and passing his time in prayer and fasting, and reflecting on himself the most severe and cruel

penances, thereby becoming famous as a devout and holy man.

He had advanced a new doctrine, the doctrine that a priest should not enter into the marriage relation. This was a burning brand thrust into the Church, and high and warm between those who thought marriage not inconsistent with godliness, and those who thought a life of celibacy alone rendered man fit to intercede for man with his Maker.

Father Beauncir thought of the corruption that would overwhelm the priesthood if this new dogma should prevail; and Edward thought of Edith and his brow darkened, and his teeth set, as if in open rebellion and defiance.

Edith observed the shade of sorrow on her father's countenance, and the still darker one on that of her lover, and inquired the cause. For the first time, her father thought of her prospects and her danger; but Edward clasped her in his arms, and vowed by everything sacred that nought but death should separate them. Silently she heard what troubled and threatened them, then quietly withdrew and sought the solitude of the glen, where sometimes after, Edward found her kneeling by the graves, her head resting on the bench, the locket pressed to her lips, and with the tears still on her eyelids, smiling in her sleep. Softly he raised her; but when he would have renounced his ordination for her sake, she placed her hand upon his lips, and forbade the utterance of such impiety.

At length the question was settled apparently, and the new creed pronounced by the Pope unnecessary. Peace again folded her wings over the little household of Father Beauncir, and as his steps faltered, and his eye grew dim, he joined the hands of his two children beside the low altar, their happiness saddened by the thought that he whom they so revered would shortly be with them no more. Soon a new grave appeared in the glen, under the spreading branches of the elm tree; and many a poor man lay down to sleep, suppers, from having spent his little earnings for candles, to light the spirit of the good old Father across the dark valley, and in masses for the rest of his soul.

Time passed on, his wings seemingly shedding only sunshine on the dwelling of the now Father Edward, whose life fulfilled the promise of his youth, and little Alice gladdened the hearts of her parents, making radiant the atmosphere of their happy home. Daily did the young priest kneel and thank his God for all his blessings, foremost of which were his wife and child.

But the spoiler was at work. The anchorite in his cell, old Bishop Dunstan was maturing his plans. The priesthood was fast becoming hardened and corrupt, and at length, again and more fiercely broke out the agitation of priestly celibacy. After a long period, during which many scenes shameful alike to humanity and true religion were enacted, and such marriage declared annulled; and by the Pope it was pronounced a part of the creed of the mother Church. Violence was frequently used to carry the new edict into effect; for not immediately could the consciences of some perceive the great sin which the Church had created for them.

But to none was it a greater blow than to the young priest, Edward. Very holy he had tried to live, following out the precepts of Father Beauncir, and walking in the light which God had given him. Then there was his gentle Edith, the life of his life, interfering with no duty, but by her care and watchfulness, lessening and making easier every trouble and hardship soothing with her love that he met with in his labors; and the little Alice, innocent voice the weariness which sometimes overtook him.

But not long was he allowed to think of these things; for the Church had decreed that all priests who had wives should put them away, or the priests robes pass from them. Edith would have taken her child and departed, but he would not permit it. Then he thought to secrete her, but the Church required him to swear that he had put her away.

One day he walked out to wrestle with his great agony. Gladly would he have resigned his order, but that it would be sure damnation to his soul, and even this he might have braved, but he could not be the cause of a like fate to Edith. Slowly and sorrowfully he returned to the cottage—and lo! the contest is decided for him—his wife and child are gone—his cup of woe is full.

Vain was his search, vain his inquiries. His wild wanderings and feverish excitement brought him to the verge of the grave, and the few who watched over him feared, and sometimes almost hoped that they would have to lay him by his parents beneath the elm tree.

Once more Father Edward returned to life and health. In appearance he was an old man, and dismissing with his blessing those who had so faithfully attended him, he built him a hut in the thickest part of the glen, and lived a hermit.

When at length the story of the love of Edward and Edith had almost passed into a legend, but was faithfully preserved by the peasantry, and sung in ballads by wandering minstrels, the Bishops met to consider what had best be done in the matter; "For," said they, "this story of Edward, the Priest, his upright life, his sorrow and retirement, has so wrought upon the minds of many, that they murmur at us, and say the fault is ours. Now, if we should seek out this old man, and by conferring some dignity upon him, make him one with us, we shall escape the censure of this people, and save from scandal the Holy Church; and as there has been no fault found in him for many years, his promotion can bring no reproach on us. He is now an old man, and cannot survive long, and at his death all will recur back to us." So it was agreed to bestow a Bishopric on the old hermit. "But," it was suggested, "suppose he will not accept it?" "He shall have no alternative but to accept," spoke the Archbishop. Five High Priests were then appointed to go and seek out Father Edward, and bring him before them, and place the Bishop's mitre on his brow.

They met, as expected, with determined resistance, the old Father telling them he wished for nothing but to die in the glen, and when they would have forced him to accompany them, he put up emotions of half a life time burst forth, and he cursed them—cursed them, as the murderers of his wife and child—cursed them, as being vile and corrupt in themselves, and as wishing to make him a sharer in their wickedness. "Strike down the blasphemer!" cried one of them, and with one blow the old, white-headed man was laid senseless on the ground. Hastily they bore him to the Conference Chamber, and ere his reason had returned, Father Edward was condemned to be burned at the stake, for blaspheming the ordained servants of God.

The faggots were piled up, the green withes were ready, the populace were assembled, and the executioner stood with lighted torch, when they led out the trembling old man. On his countenance was almost a smile, as if he welcomed his deliverer.

Silently he tottered to the stake. Once, as the flames first curled around his head, he exclaimed—"My God!" Loud laughed the mob, in derision. "Aye, call upon your God, and see if he will save you." And again, when they deemed him entirely senseless, when the withes were breaking, and the work seemed almost accomplished, with a clear voice he shrieked—"My Edith!" Louder laughed the mob. "He calls upon his mistress! Where is she? She should be with him now!" and when their boisterous mirth died away, they saw nothing but a shapeless mass, seething and glittering in the flames.

Some there who were turned away, that their pity for the poor victim might not be seen, and when the crowd was dispersed, they gathered up the bones and buried them in the glen underneath the elm tree.

Years after, a shepherd seeking in a neighboring ravine for one of his flock which had strayed, came upon a heap of bones, the remains of a woman and child. Curiously he gazed upon them, and perceived a small golden locket, with the inscription—"My Edith," upon it, linked to a chain around the neck of the woman.

And the last grave was opened and closed, beneath the elm tree in the glen.

Miscellaneous.

SPRING SONGS.

The following beautiful lines are an extract from a poem by Mrs. H. E. G. Arrey, entitled the "Song of the Blue Violet." Mrs. Arrey is a poetess of considerable renown, and at one time was a resident of Northern Ohio. Most of her poems have been collected and just issued in book form, by Derby, of New York.

THE SONG OF THE BLUE VIOLET.
Down by the brooklet's side,
Where the soft waters glide
Gently and sweetly away to the sea,
Lifting my tiny bell
Up from my leafy bed,
There is my birth place—the dwelling for me.

There, where the birds of song
Chant, through the summer long,
Strains of affection unchanging and true,
Formed by a fairy's wand—
Claiming no care, I stand,
Wooing the sunbeams, and quaffing the dew.

Not where the diamond gleams—
Not where the wine cup streams—
Jars not the revel the bowers that I breathe
Sought for no festal hall,
Prized by no pride at all,
Care heaps no sighs on the pure air I breathe.

From the Manchester Guardian.

DEATH OF CURRIER BELL.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Nicols formerly Miss Bronte, under the name of Jane Eyre, of the Bell, established a lasting reputation by the publication of "Jane Eyre." We have two other novels from her pen, "Shirley," and "Villette," and all are especially distinguished for great power of conception and vigorous portrayal of character. The unfortunate lady, who was the last survivor of a family of six, was not fond of day-labour, at her father's house, at Haworth, Yorkshire.

From the London Morning News.

"Currier Bell" is dead! The early death of the large family of whom she was the sole survivor, prepared all who knew the circumstances to expect the loss of this gifted creature at any time; but the less deep will be the grief of Society that her genius will yield up nothing more. We have three works from her, which will hold their place in the literature of our century; and, but for her frail health, there might have been three times three, for she was under forty, and her genius was not of an exhaustible kind. If it had been exhausted, it would have been exhausted some time since. She had every ingredient of a great author, and with one less high-minded to publish two or three novels a year. Fame waited upon all she did; and she might have enriched herself by the publication of a book as a solemn act of conscience—in the case of a novel as much as that of a family of six, was not fond of speaking of herself and her conscience; but she now and then uttered her very few friends things which may, alas! be told now, without fear of hurting her sensitive nature—things which ought to be told in her honor. Among these sayings was one that in the midst of the strongest interest of her work, she said that she would not speak again; and, till I do may God give me grace to be "dumb!" She had a conscientiousness which could not be relaxed by praise or even sympathy—dear as sympathy was to her sensitive nature. She had no vanity which praise could aggravate or encourage. She calmly read her own reviews of her books, for the sake of instruction; and when she could not recognize the aptness of criticism, she was more puzzled than hurt or angry. The common flatteries which wait upon literary success she quizzed with charming grace; and any occasional severity, such as literary women are favored with at the beginning of their course, she accepted with a humility which was full of dignity and charm. From her feeble constitution of body, her sufferings by the death of her whole family, and the secluded and monotonous life she led, she became morbidly sensitive on some respects; but in her high vocation, she had, in addition to the deep intuitions of a gifted woman, the strength of a man, the patience of a hero, and the conscientiousness of a saint. In the points in which women are usually most weak—in regard to opinion, to appreciation, to applause—her moral strength fell not a whit behind the intellectual force manifested in her works. Though passion occupies too prominent a place in her pictures of life, though women have to complain that she represents love as the whole and sole concern of their lives, and though governesses especially have reason to remonstrate, and do remonstrate that their share of human conflict is laid open somewhat rudely and inconsiderately and very sweeping to social observation, it is a true blessing that we have had a female writer who has discountenanced sentimentalism and feeble egotism with such practical force as is apparent in the works of Currier Bell. Her heroines love too readily, too enthusiastically, and sometimes after a fashion, which their female readers may resent; but they do their duty through every thing, and are healthy in action, however morbid in passion.

How admirable this strength is—how wonderful this force of integrity, can hardly be understood by any but the few who know the story of this remarkable woman's life. The account of the school in "Jane Eyre" is only too true. The "Helen" of that tale is not precisely the eldest sister, who died there—more like her than any other real person. She is that sister "with a difference." Another sister died at home soon after leaving her school, and in consequence of her hardships, and "Currier Bell" (Charlotte Brontë) was never free, when there, for a year and a half, from the gnawing sensation or consequent feebleness of downright hunger; and she never grew an inch from that time. She was the smallest of women; and it was that school which stunted her growth. As she tells us in "Jane Eyre," the visitation of an epidemic caused a total change of radical reform in the establishment, which was even removed to another site. But the reform came too late to reverse the destiny of the doomed family of the Brontës.

These wonderful girls were the daughters of a clergyman who, now very aged and infirm, survives his wife and all his many children. The name Brontë (an abbreviation of Bronte) is Irish, and very ancient. The mother died when the reading world began to have an interest in their existence, there were three sisters and a brother living with their father at Haworth, near Keighly, in Yorkshire. The girls had been out as governesses—Charlotte at Brussels, as is no secret to the readers of "Villette." They rejoiced to meet again at home—Charlotte, Emily and Ann—"Currier," "Ellis," and "Acton." In her ordinary notice of her two sisters, "Currier" reveals something of their process of authorship, and their experience of failure and success. How terrible some of their experience of life was, in the midst of the domestic freedom and indulgence afforded them by their studious father may be seen by the fearful representations of masculine nature and character found in the novels and tales of Emily and Ann. They considered it their duty, they told us, to present life as they knew it; and they gave us "Wuthering Heights," and "The Tenant of Wildfell Hall." Such an experience, though it was impossible to make a manly person in general; and all that we have to do with is to bear it in mind when disposed to pass criticism on the coarseness which, to a certain degree, prevails the works of all the sisters, and the repulsiveness which makes the tales by Emily and Ann really horrible to people who have not iron nerves.

"Jane Eyre" was naturally and universally supposed to be Charlotte herself; but she always denied it, calmly, cheerfully, and with the obvious sincerity which characterized all she said. She declared that there was no more ground for the assertion than this: She once told her sisters that they were wrong—even morally wrong—in making their heroines beautiful, as a matter of course. They replied that it was impossible to make a heroine interesting on other terms. Her answer was, "I will prove to you that you are wrong. I will show you a heroine as small and as plain as myself, who shall be as interesting as any of yours." "Hence, Jane Eyre," said she, in telling the anecdote: "that she is not myself, any other than that. As the work went on, my interest deepened to the writer. When she came to 'Thornfield' she could not stop. Being short-sighted to excess, she wrote in little square paper books, held close to her eyes, and (the first copy) in pencil. On she went, writing incessantly for three weeks; by which time she had carried her heroine across the Atlantic, and was herself a fever, which compelled her to pause. The rest was written with less vehemence, and with more anxious care. The world adds, with less vigor and interest. She could gratify her singular reserve in regard to the publication of this remarkable book. We all remember how long it was before we could learn who wrote it, and at present the excellence of her cookery before they heard of her. She was living among the wild Yorkshire hills, with a father who was too much absorbed in his studies to notice her occupations; in a place where newspapers were never seen, (or where she never saw any), and in a house where the servants knew nothing about books, manuscripts, proofs or the like. When she told her secret to her father, she carried her book in one hand, and an adverse review in the other, to save his simple and unworried mind from rash expectations of a fame and fortune which she was determined should never be the share of her life. Thus we have had only two novels since, shows how deeply grounded was this resolve.

"Shirley" was conceived and wrought out in the midst of fearful domestic grief. Her only brother, a young man of once splendid promise which was early blighted, and both her remaining sisters, died in one year. There was something inexplicably affecting in the aspect of the frail, delicate, and pale girl, who had done such wonderful things, and who was able to bear up, with so bright an eye and so composed a countenance, under such a weight of sorrow, and such a prospect of solitude. In her deep mourning dress (neat as a Quaker's) with her beautiful hair, smooth and brown, her fine eyes blazing with meaning, and her sensible face indicating a habit of self-control, if not of silence, she seemed a perfect household image—irresistibly recalling Wordsworth's description of that domestic treasure. And she was this. She was as able at the needle as at the pen. The household knew the excellence of her cookery before they heard of that of her books. In so utter a seclusion as she lived in—in those dreary wilds where she was not strong enough to roam over the hills; in that retreat where her studious father rarely broke the solitude; and there was no one else to do it; in that farm house, placed on the very day of the churchyard, where the graves of her sisters were before her window; in such a living sepulchre, her mind could not but prey upon itself; and how it did prey, we see in the more painful portions of her last novel, "Villette." She said, with a change in her countenance, that she should feel very lonely when her aged father died. But she formed new ties after that. She married; and it is the old father who survives to mourn her. He knows, to his comfort, that it is not for long. Others now mourn for her, in a domestic sense; and, as for the public, there can be no doubt that they will miss her. She has already been the subject of the day, through the length and breadth of the land, and in the very heart of Germany, (where her works are singularly appreciated,) France, and America, that the "Currier Bell," who so lately stole as a shadow into the field of contemporary literature, has already been the subject of a statue—erected from our view, and henceforth haunting only the memory of the multitudes whose expectation was fixed upon her.

AMERICAN CLIMATE.

Dr. Holmes, in a recent lecture on the "American Climate," says—
When a British steamer unloads her living cargo at our wharves, at once is recognized the contrast between the reddened and rounded face, the plump developed limb and muscle, as compared with the American. They fill their coats loosely, they walk more freely, they are more vigorous, they are warmer, jolly and athletic.

The change in complexion was attributed to difference in climate. The prevalent early decay of teeth was charged to the same cause. The numerous pale faces to be seen and languid ailments so fashionable, he said, should not be attributed to wrong living and wrong habits as they mainly were. These were faults in this respect—lamentable faults—but the invalid was too much scolded. The lecturer adverted to means within the reach of every American to counteract the baneful physical phenomenon to which he was subjected. The importance of air and exercise was not, he said, sufficiently understood.

The English gentleman hunt, shoot, ride, box, play at cricket, get up pedestrian matches, and the English ladies leap fences on their hunters, tramp about like dromedaries on foot, drive four in hand in their equipages. The reason is, they come to the world with good stout organizations. Why American ladies do not heartily join in such outdoor exercises is because they have not vigorous statures, the overflowing red blood in their veins, this substantial muscle in their limbs that drive to such exercises as a rational outlet for their superabundant vitality. The changeable weather here discouraged such exercises. The vacillations of temperature contrasted with England were referred to as causing much of the ill health of the American. The complexity of life of the American, and attendant pale complexion, narrow face, faulty teeth, spare outlines, fatigued features, were all only owing to the action of the elements and the impeder agencies with which he was surrounded. There was, not, however, the lecturer stated, a single element in the longevity of the inhabitants of Old England and the denizens of New England. The American had strength of endurance—few lotus eaters or lazzarini are among them. The body of the American is chastened and prepared for life and made bold by the scourges of the lawless elements.

FOREST TREES.—The Hon. John C. Gray, in a communication to the Board of Agriculture, states that there grew in the United States one hundred and forty different varieties of forest trees, which attain a greater height than thirty feet, while according to Michaux, the Empire of France can boast of eighteen of the same description.

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Or \$2.00 at the end of the year.

We occasionally send numbers to those who are not subscribers, but who are believed to be interested in the dissemination of anti-slavery truth, with the hope that they will either subscribe themselves, or use their influence to extend its circulation among their friends.

Communications intended for insertion, to be addressed to MARCUS R. ROBINSON, Editor. All others to ANN PEARSON, Publishing Agent.

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The Eleventh Volume of the Ohio Cultivator, will commence Jan. 1st, 1855. The editors are resolved to spare no pains to maintain the reputation and usefulness of the paper; and with the benefit of ten years' experience, and much travel among the farmers of the West, they believe that they can make the Cultivator for the coming year of more value to its readers than ever before, and better adapted for the soil and climate, and productions of the region for which it is designed, than any other paper of the kind.

AS A REMEDY FOR "HARD TIMES."

The Ohio Cultivator will aim to impart knowledge of improved methods of cultivation, how to avoid losses by drought, injurious insects, &c., the most profitable kinds of crops, best breeds of stock, condition and prospects of the markets, &c. In short, the paper will be devoted to the interests of the FARM, the SHOP, and the FIRE-SIDE, and seek the elevation of Labor in all its legitimate interests, opposing quackery and humbug, in all their forms, and filling the noble station of a true HOME PAPER OF THE WEST.

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